BODER BROS.



SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

{ TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

**VOLUME XX.—NUMBER 48.** 

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1877. Rome were also besieged, the Saracen squadron resting on the Tiber. Degenerate Christendom had but little to oppose to the tide of Saracenic invasion. Europe had been entered, and Spain was conquered. Onward went the Arabian tide of cavalry over the Pyrenness into France. The sword of the "Prophet" did not know how to be quiet. Was the whole Christian world to become Mohammedan, and Christianity expire under a military conquest that forced the Koran upon the vanquished! It looked very much like it. It was the century of despair. At the critical moment Charles Martel, called the "Hammer of God," and Mayor of the Franks, arose to repel the advancing Mohammedan wave. Gathersng to himself all the disposable forces of Christendom for one supreme effort, he confronted the Moslem General, Abel-Rahman, and his hosts, on the plains of France, between Poictiers and Tours, and in ope of the decisive battles of the world, A. D. 732, which changed the course of history, overthrew with bloodiest slanghter his Mohammedan foe. The progress of Mohammedanism was checked. The wave returned upon itself, and Europe was saved from the fate of Asia and Africa.

Retiring to Spain, the Moors founded there the Caliphate of Cordova, which ruled Spain and Africa, and Egypt in part, and lasted 700 years—i. e., until the expulsion of the Moors from Spalu, after the siege of Granada, 1492, by Ferdinand and Isabella—a generation after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453. SA Mohammedanism was driven out on the western side backward to Africa, whence it came in, it forced an entrance on the castern side, under Mohammed II., 1453.

Throughout its whole history, whether Arabian or Turkish, it stands, however, as the special for of Christianity. It rejoices to hold Palestine and the tomb of Christ. Its capture of Chris-

ere. There never was a Turkey with so many drum-The Turks will go in on their Mussulmen and

may have time to kiss the combined lips of his namerous wife.

The presence of the Russian men-of-war is explained. The Rochester Democrat man has offered one of his old shoes to the Czar for a pontoso bridge across the Danube; and it is not believed that even the Turkish gunboats can make the shoe fly.

## Choice Loetry.

### ON THE TOWN. BY R. H. STODDARD.

- The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
  For, coming and going like waves on the sea,
  Thomsands are out this beautiful night;
  They jostle each other, but shrink from me!
  Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
  Women pass with their eyes cast down;
  Even the children seem to know
  The shameless girl of the town.
- Hated and shunned, I walk the street.

  Hunting—for what! For my prey, 'tis said;
  I look at it, though, in a different light;
  For this nightly shame is my daily bread;
  My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear!
  Only for this, I might starve or drawn;
  The world has disowned me—what can I do,
  But live and die on the town!
- The world is cruel. It might be right
  To crush the harlet: but grant it so:
  What made her the guilty thing she is !
  For she was innocent once, you know!
  Twas love! that terrible word tells all!
  She loved a man, and blindly bulleved
  His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears;
  Of course, the fool was deceited!
- What had I to gain by a moment's sin.
  To weigh in the scale of my innocent To weigh in the scale of my innocent years.
  My womanly shame, my rained name,
  My father's turne, my mother's tears!
  The love of a man! It was something to give.
  Was it worth it! The price was a soul paid down:
  Did I get a soul—his soul—in exchange!
  Behold me here on the town!
- Your guilt was heavy," the world will say,
  "And heavy, heavy your doom must be;"
  For, to pity and pardon woman's fall.
  Is to set no value on chastity!
  You undervalue the virgin's crown,
  The spotless honor that makes her dear;
  But I ought to know what the banble is worth,
  When the loss of it brings me here!
- But pity and pardon! Who are you,
  To talk of pardon, pity to me!
  What I ask is justice, justice, sir;
  Let both be punished, or both go free!
  If it be in woman a shameful thing.
  What is it in man, now! Come, be just:
  (Remember, she falls through her love of him;
  He through his selfish lust!)
- Tell me what is done to the wretch
  Who tempts, and riots in woman's fail!
  His father curses, and casts him off!
  His friends foraske! he is accorned of all!
  Not he: his judges are men like himself,
  Or thoughtless woman, who humor their whim;
  Young blood "- "Wild oats" "Better hush it up;
  They soon forget it—in him!
- Even his mother—who ought to know
  The woman nature, and how it was won—
  Frames a thousand excuses for him,
  Because, forsooth, the man is her son.
  You have daughters, Madame, (he told me so,)
  Fair, innocent daughters—"Woman, what then !"
  Some mother may have a son like yours—
  Rid them beware of men!
- I saw his coach in the street, to-day,
  Inshing along on the sunny side,
  With a liveried driver on the box;
  Loiling back in her listless pride,
  The wife of his bosom took the air;
  Sho was bought in the mart where hearts are sold;
  I gave myself away for his love.
  She sold herself for his gold.
- He lives, they say, in a princely way,
  Flattered and feasted. One dark night,
  Some devil led me to pass his house;
  I saw the window a blaze of light;
  The music whirled in a maddening round,
  I heard the fall of the dancers' feet;
  Ritter, bitter the thoughts I had,
  Standing there in the street!
- Back to my gandy den I went,
  Marched to my room in grim despair,
  IP ied my eyes, painted my cheeka.
  And fixed a flower or two in my hair!
  Cotks were popping, wine was flowing;
  I seized a bunper, and tossed it down;
  One must do something to kill the time.
  And fit one's self for the town.
- I meet his boy in the park sometimes.

  And my heart runs over towards the child;
  A frank little fellow, with fearless eyes.
  He smiles at me as his father smiled?
  I hate the man, but love the boy.
  For I think what my own, had it lived, would bePerhaps it is he, come back from the dead,
  To his father, slas! not to me.
- Ent I stand too long in the shadow here:
  Let use out in the light again.
  Now for insult, blows, perhaps.
  And, bitterer still, my own disdain.
  I take my place in the crowd of men,
  Not like the simple woman I see;
  You may cheat them, men, as much as you please,
  You wear no masks with me!
- I know ye! Under your honeyed words
  There lurks a sorpent; your oaths are lies;
  There's lustful fire in your lungry hearts,
  I see it thaning up in your lustful eyes!
  Cling to them, ladius, and shrink from me,
  Or rail at my boldness. Well, have you done?
  Mother, I know your son!
- But go your ways, and I'll go mine;
  Call me opprobrious names, if you will;
  The truth is bitter—think I have lied;
  "A harbot!" Yes, but a woman still!
  Ged said of old, to a woman like me,
  "Go, sin no more," or the Bibles lie;
  But you, you mangle His moreifal words
  To "Go, and sin till you die!"
- Die! the word has a pleasant sound, The sweetest I've heard for many a year
- But look, the river! From where I stand, I see it, I aimost hear its flow;
  Down on the dark and lonely pier—
  It is but a step—I can end my woe!
  A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er;
  The death-black waters will drag me dot
  God knows where! But no matter where,
  So I am off the town!

# Select Story.

### A DEAD MAN.

It was just before the opening of the railway from Taganrog to Kharkof, in 1868, that I was driving those dreary distances in Autumn. For the first two days and nights the weather was driving those dreary distances in Audmin. For the first two days and nights the weather was lovely, but on the third morning, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered with heavy, torn and jagged clouds, a northerly wind arose, and with thunder, lightning, cold gale and snow, the winter burst on us as it yearly breaks on Southern Russia. In half an hour the rich, black, rolling plains had become an ocean of inky mud, and we reached the post station of Donski only to find the order, "Impossible to proceed."

I called for tea, and the samovar was brought by a fine, upright, gray-bearded man, whom, from his black velvet tunic and slashed sleeves, I took to be the Postmaster himself. He was followed into the room by a noble-looking Cossack woman of his own age, who said:

"Little husband, why don't you ask the lord if he will eat a partriage and a bit of bread? The kurnpatks is plump, and the day will be long before his troika can be harnessed to face the storm."

She storm."
She smiled sweetly, as she spoke—he smiled lovingly upon her; then she left us, looking liugeringly back.
"Your wife is in love with you still, and you with her, Postmaster," I said. "You must have treated her well when she was young, for her to love you se. How long is it since you were mar-

"What?" said I.

"Five years before my death. Is it possible that you don't know my story? You must have come from a long way off, for I have beard that it is told even upon the Azof."

And throwing his legs across a chair, without more ade, he spoke thus:

"I was born in 1809, and can remember the

"I was born in 1809, and can remember the return from Paris of my father and nucle—Cosmocks of the Don. Those were grand days, when every Cossack was an officer by birth, and when the Herman Platoff was King of Europe, conqueror of the Turks and of the French, and friend and equal of the white Tsar. New, this Petersand equal of the white Tsar. New, this Petersand long pistol have hung upon the wall unusand long pis

to take away our privilege of the supply of sait. In 1834, as a young Postmaster—for my father was dead—with a good place and a handsome beard, I was the best match in the two church villages round. I could pick my wife, and I chose Olga, that you saw just now."

"There," said I.

"About and see Wait little lord Don't

"There," said I.

"Ah, wait and see. Wait, little lord. Don't
be impatient. Olga was as lovely as she was
good. You have seen her in her sixtieth year;
her goodness is what it was, and, though I may
be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not
yet cone."

be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not yet gone."
He looked as me; I nedded.
"We were happy at first; but I was young—I felt the chain. I was faithful to her, as far as women went, but not kind. We had no children. One day in 1839, she was in low spirits about me, and flung her arms upon a sudden about my neck, and said:
"Bo you really love me, little John?"
"You know I do."
"But net as I love you."

"For know I do."
"But net as I love you."
"At that very moment, lord, the devil must have been unchained from hell. To tell you what thoughts fisshed in an instant through my mad mind, would be impossible. That what she said was true! That, while I did love her in a kind way, I was bound to her for life whether I would or no. In a fit of wild rage I struck her one short, sharp blow. She looked at me with despair in her eyes, and walked slowly into our room. I ran into the stable-yard.
"Harness a troiks, 'said I to the starosta; 'I leave at once for Kharhof, with dispatches that the courier dropped, and that I have found upon the floor. Quick! quick! The best courier horses!"

"In an instant they were ready. Merrily jingled the bells in the crisp air. Paul took the reins, and off I whirled. In twenty-four hours I was at Kharhof. To my friend, the starcets at Kharhof station, who was equal in rank and pay to most Postmasters themselves, I said:

"Do me a service, little friend, as I would do one for you. I am going to leave my wife, to whom I have been unkind, and am going to enlist in the guards. But I wish her to forget me, and she must think me doad. Write to her in a week, and tell her that I was taken with the cholers, and died. Beg her to forgive me for my

cholers, and died. Beg her to forgive me for my inkindness; say that I was grateful for her love, and it was my last wish that she should marry some lad more worthy of her than my-self. Make interest to have the station contin-ued to her as Postmistress. She is a priest's denubler and can write.

self. Make interest to have the station continued to her as Postmistress. She is a priest's daughter, and can write.'

"We crossed ourselves; he swore; we bowed to the image in the corner of the stable; we kissed, and in five minutes I was gone. At the recruiting office, I enlisted for the Empress' regiment of cuirassiers of the guard, as a fourteen years' volunteer guard, and in a false name. I had no papers, but they asked no questions, for I was a fine recruit. My beard was shaved, my hair was cut, and when I got to Petersburg, and was fitted with my uniform and eagle-cre wned helmet, no one would have known me. I rose to sergeant and second riding-master. From your padarojna I see that you are English. Now, in 53, when I had served my time, there were rumors of war in Turkey against you, and tempting offers were made to me to stop and drill the new recruits. But I was wretched, sad home-sickness drove me south, though if I found my wife dead or married again, I intended to kill myself. Petersburg is not a place for Cossacks, either. By brooding over my past I had become madly in love with my wife. It was of no use for me to tell myself that I had left her well eff; that she was married again, and happy; that she was forty-four, and fat—or else, perhaps, a scarserow—I was madly in love. I got my discharge and pension papers, and started south. At Kharkof, my friend was dead. What if she, toe, were dead?

"Who keep the Donski post station now?" I inquired, croasing myself the while under my long cloak.

"The widow."

"A widow that has kept it for fourteen years?"

"The same."

"A widow that has kept it for fourteen years?"
"The same." two of the old men, but they not me. I rushed into the house. She was at her day-book, writing—not much changed, only grayer, and with silver in her black hair. "My own little Olga!" I exclaimed, in the

best style of old days.
"She did not turn to look at me, but threw up her arms and fell forward on the table. I rushed to her, and felt her heart, with mine, too, all ed to her, and felt her heart, with mine, too, all but cease to beat. In a moment she came to herself-our lips fast glued together. This was in '53. This is '69. Sixteen years gone like a day. We have made up for the past, little lord. But would you believe it! That wretched government at Petershurg insists that I am dead, and that the Donski station is kept by my widow. Or else they say the cuirassier riding master must be dead, and with him his pension. My widow accepts the situation with a smile, for neighbors know better than to believe the government; but she keeps the books, signs the reernment; but she keeps the books, signs the re-ceipts, and pays the taxes. I draw my pension ceipts, and pays the taxes. A great Petersburg no-ble who was passing here last week, told me that he didn't believe a word of my story, but that the Postmistress and I were quite in the fashion. What did he mesu?"

### PARSON BROWNLOW.

Although be had been an invalid for many years, often apparently at the point of death, the announcement comes like a surprise that ex-Senator Brownlow died April 29th, at his residence in Kuoxville, Tennessee. For some time past, he had been in rather better health than usual, and an unfavorrble change was noticed only a few hours before the final event. He had nearly completed the seventy-second year of his

only a few hours believe the analyse of his age.

William G. Brownlow was a native of Virginia, having been born in Wythe County, August 29th, 1805. When in his eighteenth year, he became a carpenter's apprentice at Abingdon, in the same State. Soon after learning the trade, he became an itinerant minister of the Methodist Church, and in 1831 he removed to East Tennessee. Having a decided inclination to politics, and warmly taking sides against the Calhonn Democracy, he ere long became engaged in journalism. He started the well knewn Knoxville Whig in 1837, and continued its publication until 1862. When the rebellion broke out in 1861, he remained a stanuch supporter of the Union, as he had done during all the preceding years. He had been very severe in his denunciation of Abolatonism, having on one occasion engaged in a sories of debates with an anti-slavery champion in the North; but the emancipation policy did not alienate him from the support of the Republican party, from the beginning of the war of secession until the close of his life. Although imprisoned and bitterly persecuted for his Union sentiments, and at times in imminent peril, he resolutely maintained his ground, with the spirit and zeal of a martyr of the olden time. In 1865, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and was re-elected to that office in 1867. In the following year, he was chosen United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March, and was re-elected to that office in 1867. In the following year, he was chosen United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March, 1869. He retired to private life, resuming editorial labor at Knoxville, at the close of his Senatorial term, in 1875. He published works on Methodism, Slavery and Secession, and was a fluent and vigorous anaaker, as well as writer. treated her well when she was young, for her to love yon so. How long is it since you were married at 'I am sixty," he replied; "I was married at wenty-five—thirty-five years ago; five years sefore I died."

"What?" said I.

"Five years before my death. Is it possible hat you don't know my story? You must have ome from a long way off, for I have heard that it told even upon the Azof."

And throwing his legs across a chair, without ore ade, he spoke thus:

"I was born in 1899, and can remember the curur from Paris of my father and nucle—Coscks of the Don. Those were grand days, when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and when sery Cossack was an officer by birth, and friend is not contained the contry, and soccession, and was a fluent and vigorous speaker, as well as writer. Always bold and unsparing in denunciation, quaint, incisive, and sometimes coarse in style, his utterances were often quoted by the press throughout the country, and the name of Parson Brownlow was one of those best known in politics in the best days of the was earnest in his convictions, zealous in the extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he believed to be right, and extreme for what he beli

### Miscellany. THE TOYS.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes, And moved and spoke in quiet, grawn-up wise, Having my law the seventh time disobeyed, I struck him, and dismissed. I struck him, and dismissed. With hard words, and unkinsed—His mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep. I visited his bed;
But found him alumbering deep. With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet From his late solbling wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
Fror on a table, drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red vesiced stone,
A piece of glass, abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A hottle with blue hells,
And two Preuch copper coins, ranged there with car
ful art.
To comfort his and heart.
So, whan that night I prayed
To God, I wopt, and said:
Ah! when at least we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And two resembereat of what toys
We made our joys.
How weakly understeed
Thy great commanded good;
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I, whom then hast monided from the clay,
Thou It leave thy wrath, and say:
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

### MODERN EUROPE.

No. II. THE EASTERN QUESTION. THE MOHAMMEDAN ARARS IN ASIA AND EUROPE-THEIR

RISE AND FALL—THE FORENUNERS OF THE TURE—THE RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

In the time of Cresar Augustus—Christian era—the Roman Empireembraced the civilized world, and extended from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Caspian Sea, and from the Danube and Rhine to the deserts of Egypt and Africa. In the time of Theodosius, 395, it was divided between his two sons, Honorius and Areadius—the former ruling the Western or Roman half, with Rome as its capital, the latter ruling the Eastern or Greek half, with Constantinople as its capital. The carea of the Empire were too great for one man. After repeated irruptions of Goths and Vandals from the Germanic and Scandinavian forests of the North, called the "barbarian invasion of the fifth century," the Western Roman Empire fell, under the assault of Odoacer, King of the Hernli, 476, and the Imperial ensigns were sent to Constantinople. Thus broken up, its luberitance was divided among the States that rose on its ruins. The "barbarian flood" swept away the land marks of the Western Empire completely, and the modern nations of Europe are the fruit of that ten-fold partition of the Western Roman territory, which occurred upon the overthrow of its political sovereignty. The conquering tribes took on the religion of the conquering tribes took of the Papal power.

Spain was held by the Visigoths, Italy by the Chiratianity, and the secular arm of the Western territory, in its resoustruction, blending with the religions element, paved the way for the rise of the Papal power.

Spain was held by the Visigoths, Italy by the Chiracianity, such and Romans; Gaul, (i. e. France) by the Celts and Franks; Britain, by the Celts and Franks; Britain is and by certain commentators upon Scripture to be symbolized in the "Ten Toes" of

ceiona, Granada, Madrad, Cordova, all were shi-ning centres, adorned with universities, and crowded with thousands of students in every place. Nothing could be more brilliant. But the Arab failed to possess Constantinople. Driven from Spain, he left it for the Turk of after days The duration of the Eastern or Greek division of the Roman Empire continued 1,000 years beyond that of the Western. It stretched from Hungary and the Danube to the Tigris and Enphrates, and from the Black Sea to the Southern coast of the Mediterranean. It included a large to fearness all Asia Minor, or Arabia. It part of Europe, all Asia Minor, or Arabia. It fell under Mohammed II., when Constantinople was taken, 1453, and the modern renaissance, or revival of letters, was begun by the flight of the Greeks from Constantinople to Italy—a precur-sor of the great reformation of the sixteenth cen-

tury.

The first nation that awoke to greatness after the Barbarian occupation of the Western Roman Empire was none of the celebrated "Ten" into which it was divided. It is the descendant of Empire was none of the celebrated "len" into which it was divided. It is the descendant of Ishmael who challenges the observation of the world. Ashamed to be called a Hagarene, from Hagar, his mother, he deceptively appears on the stage of history as a "Saracen," preferring to be regarded as the child, not of the "bond-woman, but of the free." A new and military religion, devised by an illiterate camel-driver of the Arabian desert, and followed by a wondrous civilization, arose to illuminate Arabia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Africa, and part of Europe, when Christendom was submerged in medieval superstition and darkness. The device of a single man, who, in the attitude of a fanatical reformer, proclaimed himself the "Prophet of God," it was professed within a century after his death, in the three quarters of the globe, and, to-day, from the shores of the Atlantic to the isless of the Indian Ocean, hundreds of millions of people, different in race, language, and social condition, take it as their whole system of jurisprudence and theology. logy.

and theology.

The Saracen or Arabic ascendency begins with the "flight" or "Hagria," of Mohammed, born 570, from Mecca to Madina, July 15, 622, a date from which all Moslem Chronology is reckoned. With a sensuous religion appealing to the sexual passions, backed by a pretended revelation from Heaven, and promising a sensuous paradise to the faithful, proclaiming also the unity of God as against the idolatries of corrupt Christendom, preaching fate and the sword as the means of propagating the faith, Mohammed lifted the Crescent in the presence of his own tribe, and first of all conquered Arabia to his standard. "La Illak il Allak, even Mohammed is the prophet of God," was the watch-word and the cry. "On, fight, fear not; Paradise is under the shade for et of God," was the watch-word and the cry.
"On, fight, fear not; Paradise is under the shade
of the swords; he enters, who falls fighting for
the faith," were the inspiration of the Mosle m.
"You know your option, ye Christian dogs, the
Koran, Tribute, or the Sword," was the overture
to the enemy. Right and left swarmed the Mahammedan locusts, A. D. 636, carrying devastation wherever they west, as they moved out to the enemy. Right and left swarmed the Mahammedan locusts, A. D. 636, carrying devastation wherever they went, as they moved out from the desert. The battle cry of Zeid, the Moslem general, was heard on the heights of Olivet and along the banks of the Jordan. Damascus and Jerusalem fell before the Caliphs, the successors of Mohammed, who died A. D. 632. The Crescent was in Gethaemane. The Mosque took the place of the House of David on the Hill of Zion. The throne of the Caliph supplanted that of the Greek King, whose fame reached the ears of the Queen of Sheba. Mecca was more sacred than Jerusalem, and the Arabian Casba than the Jewish Temple. In eight years from the time of the irruption from the desert, the Arabs had taken 3,600 cities, destroyed 4,000 cathedrals and churches, and built 1,500 mosques, such was their impetuosity and zeal. The whole Eastern Roman Empire was shorn of its possessions. The Holy Land, Syria and Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Persia, Egypt, Africa, in addition to Arabia, fell before the unnumbered cavalry of Abu-Beker the Wise, Omar the Faithful, and Khaled the Brave, who pashed his own conquest even to the Indon. From the Indus to Gibraltar, and from the plains of Tartary to the desert of the Sahara, the Moslem Empire extended, infesting the Mediterranean, Adriatic, Baltic, and Black Seas, with its piratical craft. Thus the Saracen encamped in Asia and Africa.

Saracen encamped in Asia and Africa.

But Europe was his ambition as well. He had a commission to desolate the Christian world. Twice he attempted to cuter Europe on the eastern side of it, through the Golden Horn and Constantinople. He was foiled, the first time in 663, after a fruitless siege of eight years; the second time in 708, after a briefer siege, in both which cases the celebrated "Greek fire," or naphtha, sulphur, and pitch, was used with destructive effect upon his ships. Having already couquered Africa, where the Mauritani, or Moora, dwelt, and reduced them to the Mohammedan faith, he resolved to seek an entrance into Europe on the western side. From Northern Africa the Moora crossed over to Spain in 710, by the Straits of Gibraltar, conquered the Visigoths, and took possession of their kingdom. Twice, Italy and

### "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

[The death of Rev. Dr. Muhienberg will lend interest to the hymn. "I would not live alway," upon which the deceased clergyman's world-wide fame mainly rests. This celebrated and beautiful hymn was not, originally, a hymn at all, but a poem of some six stanzas of eight lines each, and first appeared in the Episcopal Receder, of Philadelphia, 1924. We present this poem to our readers in its original form.]

AS FIRST WRITTEN As FIRST WRITTEN.

I would not live alway—live alway below!

Oh, no. I'll not linger, when bidden to go;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here.

Are enough for life's wees, full enough for its cheer

Would I shrink from the paths which the proph

God.

Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod!

Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam.

While brethren and friends are all hastening home

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay.

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
Where, seeking for rost, we but hower around.

Like the patetarch's thrd, and he resting is fossed;
Where hope, when she paluts her gay bow in the air.

Leaves its radiance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's flocting angel no ar sheeks a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fretted by sin.
Temptation without and corruption within:
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine e're I'm captive ag
E en the rapters of pardon is mingled with fe.
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitont te
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs.
But my spirit her own miserers prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb a Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom; Where he deigned to sleep. I'll too bow my head, All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed. Then, the glorious daybreak to follow that night, The orient gleam of the angels of light, With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise, taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453. As Mohammedanism was driven out on the western side backward to Affica, whence it came in, it forced an entrance on the castern side, under Mohammed II., 1453.

The Caliphate of the Fatemites, or children of Patima, daughter of the Arabian prophet, was a detachment from that of Cordova, having Kahhira (or Cairo) in Egypt as its capital, and extending from Palestine around the South Mediterraneau coast to the Straits of Gibraltar. The Eastern Caliphate, or Caliphate of Bagdad on the Tigris, including all the East, and so illustrious under Haroun-al-Raschid, the cotemporary of Charlemague in the eighth century, lasted until it wasted away under the effeminacy of the Caliphs in the tenth century, and finally foll under the blows of the Seljukian Turks in the thirteenth century, when the Saracen Caliph gave way to the Turkish Sultan, and the Mission of the Arab was bequeathed to his Mongol successor. The colors and badges of these Caliphates, known in history as those of the Omminales, Fatimites, Abbassides, varied. Cordova hoisted the white, Cairo the green, and Bagdad the black. The Arabian Empire began to decline as soon as it was founded. As the Roman Empire was divided between the rival claims of Rome and Constantinople, so the Arabian Empire was divided between the claims of Cordova and Bagdad. And just as the Pretorian guards, under Didius Julianus, sold out the Roman Empire at anction to himself for about \$10,000, so the Turkish guards at Bagdad sold out the Caliphate of the East to the successor of Seliuk for whatever its decaying fortunes might bring. The Turk succeeded to the mission of the Saracen only after the Saracen was incompetent to bear the standard of the Prophet onward to victory. Such was the rise, progress, and decay of the Saracen power in Asia, Africa, and Europe. The marvels of its grandeur in the East, none will forget who have read the "Arabian Nights" Entertainment." Its splender in Arab-Spain, Egypt and Africa, when Christian Europe was i

Whe, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from you Heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of picasure flow o'er the bright And the mountide of glory eternally reigns: Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet, While the senge of salvation exultingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! What is it I bear! The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ea And see, act unfolding those portain of gold. The King all arrayed in his beauty, behold! O, give me: O, give me the wings of a dove. To adore Him, be near Him, enrapt in His low I but wait the summons, I list for the word—Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord. As it is now printed in the Church Hymnal, it reads

THE HYMN AS IT IS. I would not live alway; I sak not to stay. Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few larid mornings that dawn on us here. Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fretted by sin.
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears.
And the cup of thankagiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the fumb; Since Jesus bath lain there. I dreaf not its gloom There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me are. To hall Him in triumph descending the skies. Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from you heaven, that bliasful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow e'er the bright And the nountide of glosy eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet. Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet, While the authems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

cies and military resources of the Great Powers have yet been unable to solve.

The general relations which were designated to exist between Mohammedanism and every other religious system are expressed in the famous dictum, "Ye know your option, ye Christian dogs, the Koran, Tribute, or the Sword."

Throughout its whole history whether, Arabian

see what a clever turn I could have made in gran. In arrought tempted to get a sutlership in the Turkish army, and wreak my veuganice on the bear.

The Turkish army, and wreak my veuganice on the bear.

"Well, Nickelas is a loug-headed man, but if he doesn't keep a sharp look-out all his fat will be in the fire. But I can't keep the run of the movements by the cable dispatches. Can't caste the placeson the map lead that the Russians will move from Krack, origined in leading the caste the placeson the map is like a blackboard with nothing on it, leaving the indistricts statement. The look on my European map is like a blackboard with nothing on it, leaving the indistricts statement. The heard part of it is, that they il go on fighting just as though good maps were to be had for the asking."

"Mr. Clemens, I think you are too severs on the map-makers. The Evoning Bagleblast, of the map-makers. The Evoning Bagleblast, or the map-makers are not the state of man, and railable map of the seat of war. I have a copy of it here.

"Well, I'm sorry for you, old fellow. I didn't know that a strong eigar would affect you that way. You've got an on you bad. Why, that's a map of the St. Lonis botel in runs."

"Yes; and I tell you my heart bleeds for the poor prospector. There may be gold there—I poor prospector. There may be gold to serve it. The glitter gets into print; the tale of hardship and bitter disappointment don't strength and to consider what sort of a man he is. If he had been making a dollar or two a day, and his or the diagnings, be thruks he's arrock a fortune, and it tells you my heart bleeds for the poor prospector. There may be gold there—I poor prospector. There may be gold to see the like hills have got to work for the order of the state of hardship and bitter disappointment don't see the begin whe had been making a dollar or two aday, and his or the diagnings, be thruks he's struc for of Christianity. It rejoices to hold Palestine and the tomb of Christ. Its capture of Christian Spain, and afterward of Eastern Christendom, were among its prondest victories. The surprising thing is, that in the nineteenth century, when evidently the Christian powers of Eastern cape are able to put as end to Mohammedanism in Europe, and redeem Christendom to its faith, it should be allowed still to remain. Christian Europe is what it is to-day, only by virtue of Christianity itself, which the Goths and Vaudals, Saxons and Franks, accepted as their own in common with the Greeks and Romans. The language, literature, and civilization of Europe are Christian, and Christendom to-day is simply the sum of those nations which either belonged to or were brought into connection with the Roman Empire after it became Christian, in the fourth century, and which have still retained that form of religion. The United States is an outgrowth of these. Why Eastern Christendom should be allowed to remain now under the heel of Mohammedanism, a military religion, is a question for politicians and statesmen to answer. Such a condition of things is utterly inconsistent with the progress and capabilities of the age. Christian Europe may aver that she can not permit Mohammedan Europe to be swept away to make room for the religions supremacy of Russian Czars, the Russo-Greek Church and Russian Aggrandizement. But is Russian development worse than Ottoman Empire! This brings us to study the history of the Turk, whose missions it has been to complete the work the Sarscen left unfinished, the punishment of Christian Europe, falsa to her own interest, corrupt and apostate, and reserved to more punishment for the same cause. Among all standard writers but one view is found, that the Sarscen and the Turk were a scourge upon Christendom. The fifth and sixth trumpets in the Revelation of the b'g licks, in the best days of California mining, the best of it wasn't worth more than \$200 a day to any digger. Now, a man would have to hammer away for some time before he could make a fortune even at that, and there were not many who struck it that rich. The best paying mining is in the 'pockets,' and outside of Calaveras County, California—Jackass Gulch and Jackass Hill—there's no other pocket mining in the world. By the way, the scene of our new play—Bret Harte's and mine—is in Calaveras County. There is no other place that would justify 'Ah Sin' in picking out such a mass of metal."

"Of course, you think you've struck it in 'Ah Sin."

"Well, that remains to be seen. You can't Turk were a scourge upon Christendom. The fifth and sixth trumpers in the Revelation of the Apostle John are said to be but symbolic pictures of their actual history. Turkey's policy is the policy of Pashalication. The Turkish artillery service is very Krupp-t. Knocking the stuffing out of the divan, as it

"Well, that remains to be seen. You can't

The Turks will go in on their Mussulmen and drink sublime porte.

If Russis goes near Constantinople, there will be a harem scare 'em time.

It is expected that Greese will be thrown on the troubled waters.

Alexander hopes to quaff deep draughts of Glory from the Golden Horn.

Turkey begins to think that Mohammed was more profit alive than dead.

The Buffalo Express insists that "the Russian Muscovite the Turkey." Yes, Czar.

Russia is better prepared this time. After 1864 she did nothing but Crimea culpa.

The Cossacks are doubtful about enough pork, but remark to each other: "There is always a juicy Boaphorus." "Well, that remains to be seen. You can't tell anything about a play until you see it played. We know we've got a good character in Ah Sin; whether it is in the right setting is another matter. We've put good work on the play. It may have to be pruned, but we expect it to go. You know we are rehearing it at Ford's Opera Honse now, and it promises well, but the test will come when we put it before an audience. We bring it out in Washington on the 7th of May, and open is Haltimore on the 14th."

The reporter had something less than half a mile of questions wherewith to rack Mr. Clemens brain, but be did all the talking, and the reporter had to give him respectful andience. Mr. Clemens saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Just say that you asked me the questions and I couldn't answer them."—Baltimore Gazette. but remark to each other: "There is always a jnicy Bosphorus."

The Russiaus are dead beats. They want to get by the Balkan range, and not willing to pay their way, are in search of a pass.

A glance at the map will show that the Black Sea is the shape of an immense foot—bearing a startling resemblance to that of a Leavenworth wirl.

THE statement that Mr. P. P. Bliss' last hymn was "Not Knowing," which began "I know not what shall befall me," is denied. It seems very hard to deny this, for the poem was wonderfully appropriate as a last bymn, and particularly as the last hymn of the atreet singer who lost his life as he did, but the fact is that it is the production of Miss Mary G. Brainard, of New London, Conn., and it was written as many as seven years ago. startling resemblance to that of a Leavenworth girl.

The Pope, it is said, expects to make something out of the fight. Anybody who knows anything, knows that the best part of Turkey is the Pope's nose.

In case of need the Sultan will go to the front, but desires a month's warning in order that he may have time to kiss the combined lips of his namerous wife.

STUDENTS of Russian history state that for several hundred years no quarter of a century has passed without the annexation of more or less territory to Russian dominions.

THE English are inclined to think that the Sucz Canal is the alimentary canal of Great Britain, and don't propose that Russia shall gripe it.—Cis. Esquirer.

### From the Tologio Riage. ! THE NASBY LETTERS.

Mr. Nasby Makes Extracts from his Dinry-The Bennuclation of the President's South orn Policy.

Allert Tieferen to be the property of the first of

WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, MICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
Aprile 26, 1877.

Ef the yeoserper Haze don't find hisself into a muss with his party, in less than a month, I am mistaken. I hev bin in New York, and I hev observed the indicasheus. There is a storm a brewin wich will brake onto his devotid hed, and aweep him from the face my the political erth. It is inevitable. Them ex wux most instrumentle in electin him, are a deserting my him. There ain't

brewin wich will brake onto his devotid hed, and sweep him from the face uv the political erth. It is inevitable. Them ex wux most instrumented in electin him, are a desurtin uv him. Ther ain't one uv em that bleeves in his Suthern polisy. The folleriu from my disay, while in Noc York, will perhaps shew the sitocashen ex cleerly exanything:

Monday—Met geutleman in bar-room. Red hose, and evidently in bilyus circumstances, and, ex it were, constipatid finanshelly; asked him how he wux pleased with the Administrashen; replied that he allux hed bin a Republikin, and hed cherished the hope for many yeers that he shood die in the lovin embrace uv that gellorious party. But he wux afcerd that it hed run its course. Coodent approve uv the President's Suthern polisy, and felt that for the perteckshun uv the nigger, he shood be driven into the arms uv the Dimocrisy. No party cood live wich didn't take care uv its workers. He cood put his hand on his hart, and say that the fact that he hed bin suddenly dropped out uv a place in the Custom House hed nothin to do with his present posishun, but when he looked to the strugglin Republikens uv the South, and saw how they hed bin treetid by the President, he felt that he cood do nothin less than go over to the Dimocrisy. Teerfully acceptid a invutashen to take suthin, and with grate futility attemptid to borrer a dollar uv me, wich is on the same lay, and pensively departed. Met him several times that day, with perpetyooal repects uv the same tak, and, with respect to borrerin, repects uv the same experience.

Toosday—Gentleman with a protooberant abdomen. Resides neer Rochester, but hez bin in the habit uv comin to Noo York, wunst a month, to draw his salary from the Custom House. Is not the opinyun that Hazes Sathern polisy is a faleyoor. Don't keer a straw about his bein turned out uv his place, but weeps when he thinks uv the Ropublikins uv the South bein abandoned by the President. Commenst sheddin perly teers over the abandonment, the morninhe wuz discharged. Wood hev di

wensdy—Thin party vehemently denousin Hazes polisy. Denousin the abandonment uv the Republikins uv the South, with teers in his eyes. Considers the country hangin on the verge uv rooin. Come down here with letter from his member uv Congris, askin that he be appintful to a eighteen hundred dollar place in the Custom House. Collecter Arthur onfecially remarkt that ther wurn't any vacancies, nor any prospeck uv

One result of the actable scheme now under way, by which the southern half of the Zuyder Zee is to be transformed into firm land, but intersected by numerous shapcanals, will be a resurrection of some Dutch cities whose commercial setivity had long ugo shrunk to a tradition. When the isthmus which had previously shut off the Zuyder Gulf from the Flevo Lake was broken down by the sense times of the israns Ocean in 1386. isthman which had previously suit on the Zuyder Gulf from the Flevo Lake was broken down
by the great inflow of the German Ocean in 1385,
the villages dotting the rims of the latter basin
soon developed into presperous ports. In the
seventeenth century towns whose names sound
strange to us—Edam, Naarden, Hoorn, Kampen,
and Harderwijk—sent no mean quotas to the
flect which Van Tromp marshalled in the Texal
to sweep the English Channel. But from causes
among which the sediment deposited by arms of
the Rhine securs to have been most active, the
waters of the Zuyder gradually shallowed, navigation was impeded by bars and islets, whije a
waters of the Zuyder gradually shallowed, navigation was impeded by bars and islets, whije a
water of the old harbors. Thus it came to pass that
trade was centralized toward, the close of the
layhad other and better means of access to the sea,
and the disfranchised havens above named became known as the dead towns of Holland.—New
York San, April 29th.

Is THERE A PORTRAIT OF POCAHONTAS!—There has been among the descendants of the Indian Princess a considerable interest respecting a veritable portrait of her. A geotleman of this city has for several months been conducting a correspondence with gentlemen of England on this subject, and there is reason to believe that there are several portraits still extant which are anthentic, and that an original of a "true copy" may be obtained for our gallery of historic Virginians. There is no doubt that a portrait was taken of Pacahontas when in England, and it is natural to suppose that the original, or a copy thereof, may be in possession of the Rolfe family, of which Pocahoutas' husband was a callet. The last advice from England is that there is still extant a portrait of the Princess and her son.—Richmand Inquirer.

Insantry, once unknown among the negroes, has become a great and increasing affliction. To relieve it, Virginia has established an insane asylum, for negroes, said to be the only one in the world, where more than 300 of them are cardifore.

### WHOLE NUMBER, 1,036. THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE.

I'm getting old and feeble now.
I cannot work no more.
I've laid de rusty bladed hoe to rest;
Ole massa and ole missus am dead,
Dey are sleeping side by side.
Deir spirite now are reasuring wid de bleef.
De some am changed about de place.
I'd neber hear dem sing in de caner.
And Ise de only one dat's left.
Wid dis ole dog ob mise.
In de little ole log cabin in de lane.

Chours. De chimney's fallin'i down, he roof am cavin' in.
I sint got long round here to remain, But de angels watches ober me.
When I lays down to slice, In de little ole log cabin in de lane.

Dar was a happy time to me,
Twas many years ago,
When de darkies used to gather room one door,
When dey used to dance and sing at night,
I played de ole banjo,
But alas' I cannot play it may more.
De hinges dey got rusted,
An' de door has tumbled down.
De roof lets in de samahine and de rain;
And de only filend I've got now, is
Dis good ole dog ob mine,
In de little ole log calain in de lanc.

# SEAT OF WAR.

# of Forces.

The troops available on either side have already been enumerated by our correspondents at Kischeneff and at Rustchuk. According to the former, the Russians have 265,000 men, 20,

ready been enumerated by our correspondents at Kischeneff and at Rustchuk. According to the former, the Russians have 265,000 men. 20,000 cavalry, and 300 guns, distributed as follows: The Seventh and Twelfth Corps, numbering 60,000, men 4,000 cavalry and 288 guns, at Odessa and Sebastapol; the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Corps at and around Kischeneff, numbering 120,000 men, 8,000 cavalry and 432 guns; and the Army of the Cancasus, numbering 65,000 men, 8,000 cavalry and 160 guns. Our Russchuk correspondent gives the number of the Turkish troops in Bulgaria at 115,000 infantry, 3,000 artillery and 216 guns; in addition to which there are some 5,000 gunners in the fortresses of Varna, Shumla, Russchuk, Silistra, Nickopoli and Widin. These troops are distributed as follows: In Tultsha, 7,000; Shistria, 18,000; Rustchuk, 10,000; Varna, 8,000; Shumla, 18,000; Tirnova, 5,000; Nickopolo and Sistova, 2,000, and in and around Widin, 55,000, and 144 guns.

From Kischeneff across the Pruth (the Russo-Roumania boundary) to Jassy is about eighty miles—here there is a break of gauge that may cause some difficulty and delay; thence to Galatz and Brailow, about 200 miles, the railway would be followed; from here through Slobodzie to Kalarash on the Danube, about ninety miles, there is a good road; the railway continues to Bucharest, the Rounsanian capital, about 140 miles, from whence there is a tolerable road to Oltenitz; and then on to Giurgevo, forty miles further, the railway terminus on the Danube. From the above it will be seen that the distance to be covered by railway between Kischeneff and the Danube, the Turkish first line of defense, is about 460 miles, or considerably more than the distance from Loudon to Edinburgh. The crossing places on the Danube are Giurgevo is threequarters of a mile, as broad as the Thames at And the smile of the Lord is the feat of the soul?

TWAIN'S VIEWS.

Mark Expresses Himself on War Maps. Missing in the Black Hills, and His New Play—
Especially the Play.

Last evening a representative of the Gazette called to see his old friend, Mark Twain, at Guy's Hotel. Conversation turned on the war in Enrope. Mr. Clemens had "been there;" so out the sound that he hed better go had seemed to feel pained that he here is not to come to it very gradooally. Don't care so out throw off his coat. "I think Nick might have not filed me—by cable at his own expense—so that I might have been in on the ground foor. See what a clever turn I could have made in grain. In attenty thangin on the very opening. The breadth of the river at Giorgevo is three chart the custom House. Collected Arthur on feelilal remark that in might have been in on the ground foor. See what a clever turn I could have made in grain. In attenty the abondonment uv the Republikins uv the South by the President. Isn't shoot but that, in grain. In attenty the remark in the Dimocrisy. Shel wait and see. Hopes for the best, but spends the haft uv his time a trembin for the bear."

"Do you think Russia will move first on Silic."

And the smile of the Lord is the feat of the soul?

Wrath's appearance of the Custom House Collected Arthur on feelilal remark that the Custom there want to be rever bein one, and that he hed better go had the way to bring about reform! Bleeved that we out to see this own commended that he had not been in sivil servis reform, but also bleeved that we out to will see the see that a clever turn I could have made in grain. In attending the properties of the mountains are on the bear."

"Bo you think Russia will move first on Silic."

"Do you think Russia will move first on Silic." ern one is the coast road from Varna to Burgas; this is a tolerably good road, and easy, but it is commanded from the sea. Proceeding westerly we come next to the Chenga Pass; this is an inwe come next to the Chenga Pass; this is an indifferent road, but an easy pass, and was traversed by the Russian army in 1829; the next, the
Bogza Pass from Shumla to Karnabat, although
on the main road between Silistria and Adrianople, is a very bad road and a difficult pass; the
next, from Osman Bazar, is also a rough and
craggy pass; next follows the Iron Gate, on the
road from Tirnova to Sivno; this is a decent
pass, and has been traversed by a military force;
from Tirnova to Kasanlik is the Shipka Pass,
with a road for carriages; the next is a very diffrom Tirnova to Kasanlik is the Shipka Pass, with a road for carriages; the next is a very difficult pass—indeed, it has been lately described as almost impassable—it leads from Nikopoli, by Lovatz, to Philoppopolis, or Tartar-Bazarjik; the most westerly, leading from Lom or Nickopoli, on the Dannbo, to Sofia, on the Nish and Philoppopolis road, is an easyjone, with a good road, practicable for carriages.

The roads from the more easterly of the passes enumerated converge on the line of railway

The roads from the more easterly of the passes enumerated converge on the line of railway at or near Adrianople, after traversing some seventy miles of rough, undulating and stony country, which falls rapidly to the Sea of Marmora. There are no physical obstacles, however, to a march on Constantinople, until we come within a few miles of that town, where, at about the spot occupied by the first letter of the name Constantinople in our map, a range of hills stretches across a narrow peninsula from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea. This position could, according to the optulon of an officer until lately in the English service, be rendered almost impregnable by land, but, although plans have been done. On the first line of defense—the Danube—gunboats and torpedoes would probably be opposed to each other for the first time, and the result would be watched by every maritime nation with very serious interest. On the second line of defense—the Balkan Kange—the Tarkish artillery would find themselves attacked by an army skilled in the use of appliances of modern warfare—a very different enemy from the one they resisted at Nissa. es enumerated converge on the line of railway

### ---Kars, the Place of the First Great Hattle Be-

The first important military operations seem likely to occur at or near Kars. This strategic point, which has more than once been fought for by hostile armies, is the capital of the Turkish province of Armenia, and is near the Russian border, 110 miles north-east of Erzeroum. It stands on a broad table-land, six thousant feet above sea level, and the climate, therefore, is much colder at all seasons than that of the surrounding country. The population is roughly estimated at 12,000, mostly Armenian traders, who sarry on an active traffic with the neighboring communities on both sides of the frontier.

boring communities on both sides of the frontier.

In 1828 Kars was taken from the Turks by the Russians under Gen. Paskievitsch, but subsequently restored to its original owners. During the Crimean War it was besieged by the Russians under Mouravieff, and gallantly defended by a Turkish force commanded by the English General William Penwick Williams, afterwards better known as "the here of Kars." The siege began on the 16th of June, 1855, and continued until the latter part of November the same year. On the 20th of September a sharp battle occurred on the heights above the city, in which the Russians were defeated; but as no assistance was at hand, the selvantage then gained could not be followed up, and Gen. Williams, after exhausting his sapplies, was compelled to surrender two months later. England rewarded him with a baronetey and a pension of \$5,000 a year for life. One cannot help wondering what honors and emoluments he would have received had he finally succeeded in whipping the Russians, instead of the Russians whipping him.—St. Louis Republicas.

SECRETARY FISH, for the small sum of \$500, recovered a valuable historical relic—the original journal of Mason and Dixon, the English surveyors, who, in the years 1763-67, laid out the celebrated line of demarkation that hears their name. It was discovered among a quantity of old papers in the Parliament Buildings of Nova Scotia, and was given by the Assembly to the Clerk of the House, who had discovered it.